English 33

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A PASTORAL ELEGIAC GLEE

by Jos: Baildon

Printed by R.t Birchall at Handels Head N.o 133 New Bond Street .

Andante

Adieu to the village delights Which lately my fancy en-joy'd No longer the

Adieu to the village delights Which lately my fancy en-joy'd No longer the

Adieu to the village delights Which lately my fancy en-joy'd No longer the

country in-vites To me all its pleasure are void A-dieu thou sweet health breathing hill, Thou

country in-vites To me all its pleasure are void A-dieu thou sweet health breathing hill Thou

country in-vites To me all its pleasure are void A-dieu thou sweet health breathing hill Thou

can'st not my comfort re-store For e-ver adieu my dear Vill My Lucy a--las is no

can'st not my comfort re-store For e-ver adieu my dear Vill My Lucy a--las is no

can'st not my comfort re-store For e-ver adieu my dear Vill My Lucy a--las is no

more is no more - - - - - - - - - - - - no more My Lucy a-las is no more.

more is no more no more is no more no more My Lucy a-las is no more.

more is no more is no more no more no more My Lucy a-las is no more.

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2

She ſhe was the cure of my pain My bleſſing my honor my pride She ne'er gave me

She ſhe was the cure of my pain My bleſſing my honor my pride She ne'er gave me

She ſhe was the cure of my pain My bleſſing my honor my pride She ne'er gave me

cauſe to com plain Till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd Her eyes that ſo beautiful ſhone are

cauſe to com plain Till that fa tal day when ſhe dy'd Her eyes that ſo beautiful ſhone are

cauſe to com plain Till that fa tal day when ſhe dy'd Her eyes that ſo beautiful ſhone are

cloſed for ever in ſleep And mine ſince my Lucy is gone Have nothing to do but to

cloſed for ever in ſleep And mine ſince my Lucy is gone Have nothing to do but to

cloſed for ever in ſleep And mine ſince my Lucy is gone Have nothing to do but to

weep but to weep - - - - - - - - - - - to weep Have nothing to do but to weep

weep but to weep but to weep but to weep to weep Have nothing to do but to weep

weep but to weep but to weep but to weep to weep Have nothing to do but to weep

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Cou'd my tears the bright angel re_ſtore Like a fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe But Lucy a_

Coud my tears the bright angel re_ſtore Like a fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe But Lucy a_

Cou'd my tears the bright angel re_ſtore Like a fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe But Lucy a_

_las is no more And I am a ſtranger to peace Let me copy with fervor devout The virtues that

_las is no more And I am a ſtranger to peace Let me copy with fervor devout The virtues that

_las is no more And I am a ſtranger to peace Let me copy with fervor devout The virtues that

glow'd in her heart Then ſoon when life's ſand is run out We ſhall meet again never to part never to

glowd in her heart Then ſoon when life's ſand is run out We ſhall meet again never to part

glowd in her heart Then ſoon when life's ſand is run out We ſhall meet again never to part

part _____ to part We ſhall meet again ne ver to part

never to part never to part never to part never to part We ſhall meet again ne ver to part

never to part never to part never to part never to part We ſhall meet again ne ver to part

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4

For two German Flutes or Guittars.

A-dieu to the Village de--lights Which lately my fancy en--joy'd No

A-dieu to the Village de--lights Which lately my fancy en--joy'd No

longer the country in-vites To me all it's pleaſures are void A-dieu thou ſweet

longer the country in-vites To me all it's pleaſure are void A-dieu thou ſweet

health breathing hill Thou canſt not my comfort re-ſtore For e-ver a--dieu my dear

health breathing hill Thou canſt not my comfort re-ſtore For e-ver a--dieu my dear

Vill My Lu-cy a-las is no more is no more is no more no more is no

Vill My Lu-cy a-las is no more is no more is no more no

more no more My Lucy a---las is no more.

more no more My Lucy a---las is no more.

2

She ſhe was the cure of my pain,
Mv bleſſing my honor my pride,
She ne'er gave me cauſe to complain
Till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd;
Her eyes that ſo beautifull ſhone,
Are cloſed for ever in ſleep
And mine ſince my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do but to weep.

3

Could mv tears the bright angel reſtore,
Like a fountain they never ſhould ceaſe
But Lucy alas is no more,
And I am a ſtranger to peace;
Let me copy with fervor devout,
The virtues which glow'd in her heart,
Then ſoon when lifes ſand is run out
We ſhall meet again never to part!